Soulmates of Depravity

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26135059.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal AU - Fandom
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, other minor background relationships
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Alana Bloom, Jack Crawford, more to be added, Will Graham's Dogs
Additional Tags:	Alpha Hannibal, Dragon Hannibal, Omega Will, Dragon Will, Will being changed into a dragon, Hannibal is Hannibal, Canonical types of violence, eventual murder husbands, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Knotting, No mpreg, Heat Sex, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Explicit Sexual Content, Mild Gore, Minor Character Deaths, Will is depressed at first, He also has PTSD and is a bit suicidal at first, Hannibal makes sure to change that, Fluff between the two monsters, Hanni will do anything for his poor precious mate, Even if that mate is fully capable of taking care of himself, Possessive Hannibal, Stubborn Will, Scenting, Angst, Dark Sarcastic Crack Humor, fluffy cuddles, Seriously tooth rotting fluff between Hanni and Will, Cannibalism mentioned casually but not in detail, soulmates fic, eventual bonding, Jack is still an asshole, Alana is a good sis in this story
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-27 Updated: 2020-08-30 Words: 5,441 Chapters: 2/?

Soulmates of Depravity

by groffiction

Summary

Will wasn't sure what he was expecting, but it certainly wasn't Hannibal letting loose of a fireball, engulfing the vampire in front of him in hot flames. The creature shrieked out and tried to claw at the dragon before it burst into a pile of embers and ash.

Coughing a bit as he shakily got to his feet, Will looked from the pile of rapidly disintegrating ashes to Hannibal and back before he finally asked hoarsely, "Didn't you say you hated wasting food?"

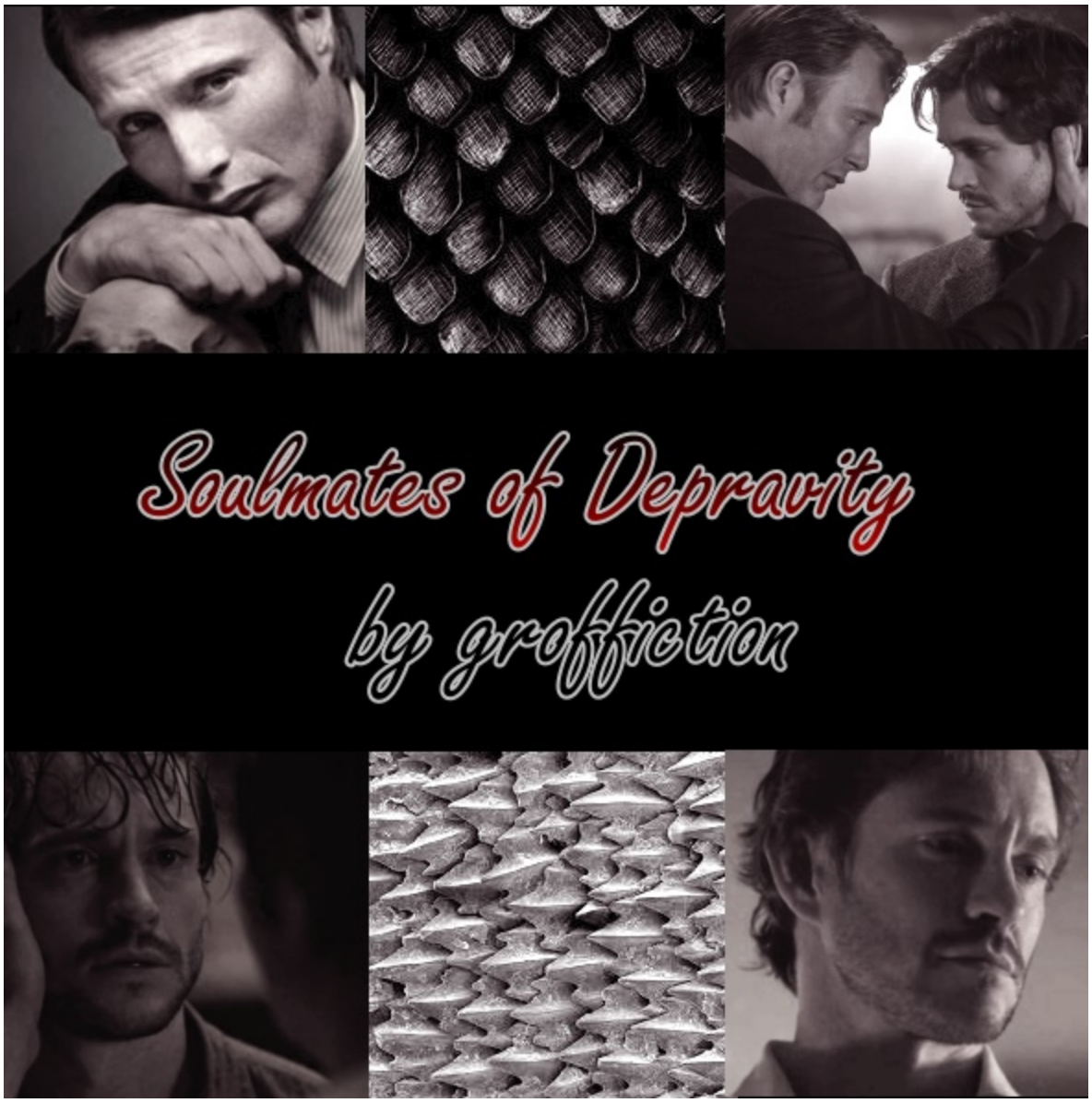
Or the one where Omega human Will gets turned irreversibly into a dragon by a rogue criminal. Not knowing what else to do, Alana calls in the only Alpha dragon she knows and trusts to assist, of which is of course, Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

Notes

So I decided to get into the Hannigram fandom and hey, might as well write the two boys as dragons and see where it leads. Hope you guys enjoy. I'll add more tags as we go along if needed. Let me know what you guys think. :)

Thank you LostSpaceCadetLeon for beta'ing this first chapter.

Chapter 1



1.

It all started on the night before Halloween, when the air was chilled and crisp. The thick, dark clouds overhead threatened of rain or perhaps some cold sleet. Fallen leaves of gold, orange, and burgundy crunched under Will's feet as he trekked through the eerie, silent forest. The trail was almost completely covered, but Will knew the way by heart, being near his property in Wolf Trap, Virginia. Still, he stretched out his Omega senses as best he could, sniffing the air despite the cold.

This half-cocked plan was a shitty one. And he'd probably die from it or at least be maimed in some way. Hunting criminal dragons were not Will's idea of fun in any way, shape, or form. Dragons were cranky, sarcastic beasts at best. At worst, they were offenders of God, with bellies full of magic - fire, electricity, ice, wind, you name it. Well, if he did end up dying, then at least Jack might shed an actual tear at his funeral.

Or the Alpha might curse the day he was born.

Perhaps both?

With a soft, shallow huff, Will stopped when he came to a small clearing - a meadow of lightly frosted grass and dying flowers. There he waited, knowing this plan to be the bait and draw the dragon out was ridiculous. But, they didn't have anything really to go on besides the creature being fixated on Will for some strange reason. All the kills, the bodies, were of people Will knew, or had dated in the past. Some were even random one night stands while Will had been in college.

Despite all that, and despite Will's gift of empathy, he was sure he didn't know the dragon personally.

Not for the first time, Will wished he had no gift. Because, it often got him into trouble. And it also attracted the monsters. Which was why Jack was keen to keep Will under his thumb. Despite having all the drawbacks that came with his so-called 'gift', he managed to get the bad guys. Will knew however, that his luck was running out.

Eventually the game ends. Either the person gets caught by the monster, or they become a monster themselves.

It was up to fate to decide whether or not Will lived or died that night. And at that point, Will didn't care either way. He was tired. Not the kind of tired that sleep could cure. His soul was on the verge of giving up. Will couldn't help but feel like if this were to be his end, then at least he'd be at peace.

Will briefly remembered the flap of the wings, creating wind gusts that knocked him off his feet. Felt the roar deep in his bones before he heard it. Smelled the smoke before he felt the flames engulf him. And before he gave in to the pure agony, the cleansing dragon's fire, he remembered seeing the gleaming razor sharp teeth of a wicked maw, and piercing yellow cat like eyes surrounded by red and black.

Flashes of disjointed fragments of memory, burned into his very being.

It is said that dragon's fire either kills or creates. Disfigures or reveals. When the fire burns away the flesh of a human, what is left underneath? Just a charred skeleton? Or is there something to bring out of the shadows and into the light?

As Will passed into oblivion, away from the pain and misery that was his life, he felt something tug on him. On his mind. On his very soul.

Something that called him back.

That breathed life in him again.

The human that he was died that night. But, in the ashes of his old self a new creation emerged - something raw and powerful. Will felt ecstasy that he never had felt before, the pain disappearing into shards of faded memories. And in his becoming, his soul was born anew, furious, magnificent, and fearless.

The new dragon breathed his first frosty breath, and tasted victory of a battle to be won in the not so distant future.

And his unwitting sire lamented the loss of prey, but still admired his new spawn with interest for a few long moments before he left with a great few flaps of his wings. Perhaps the deranged Alpha dragon had no wish to be tied down by a dependent newly minted dragon. Or maybe, like everyone else in Wills life, the dragon saw something in him unworthy.

Damaged goods.

Snow began to fall in the circle around the creature that was once a man. For once, the cold was a comfort to his heated skin. And so, exhausted from his transformation, the new winter dragon fell asleep in a circle nest of ash and snow.

Near Wolf Trap, Virginia

When Will came to, he was being moved from a stretcher onto a hospital bed and he groaned grumpily at being jostled awake so rudely. There was a horde of doctors and nurses bustling around the room, and he could smell their worry, anxiety, and interest. There was also the sharp, sour smell of fear amongst a few. Will scented the air, and tried to open his eyes, but the lighting in the room was too bright for his newly minted dragon eyes. He tried licking his lips, finding that his tongue and mouth felt like the Sahara Desert, dry and sore.

An IV was already in his arm, and he felt the overwhelming urge to yank it out, even though he knew what it was for.

But, then he calmed when he scented Jack nearby, the Alpha not in the room, but not far away.

Then a nurse put something in his IV and he was swallowed by darkness again.

Jack worriedly watched the doctors and nurses bustling around Will's unconscious form through a window in the hall. It had been several hours since he'd been found on the outskirts of his property, naked, out cold, but still miraculously alive. Even though Jack hadn't witnessed the falling out between the rogue dragon and Will, it didn't take a genius to understand that the Omega was no longer human.

If it wasn't for the glaringly obvious soft trail of white iridescent scales now adorning Will's spine, it was the fact that it had actually snowed AROUND Will in the clearing. Everywhere else the weather was pelting down rain. Just a circle around Will was cold enough for it to snow. Luckily the snow had stopped once they'd got the Omega into the ambulance in front of Will's house.

Alana had been called, of course, to take care of Will's dogs. That was the least Jack could do for him. Of course, he knew that Alana would want an explanation, sooner rather than later, but in all honesty, he didn't know much at all. It was frustrating for the Alpha, not knowing everything and anything. A Beta nurse finally ushered Jack to the waiting room, much to his displeasure. Still, he let it go, figuring Will was in the best hands at this point.

While he waited, Jack paced the room, not being able to help feeling a bit of guilt for getting Will into this mess.

He pushed it away, like he always did, and scowled. Like most Alphas, Jack was used to getting his way and not having to wait for things. Impatient for the Omega to wake back up, Jack looked up at the clock. The last of the drugs in Will's system should be filtered out in a bit. They'd had to sedate him a few times at the clearing and once he'd arrived at the hospital in order to keep him from unknowingly biting or disemboweling someone. A newly minted dragon oftentimes didn't recognize friend from foe during the first several hours after being turned.

The sedation had given the hospital personnel time to secure Will to the hospital bed and check his vitals and blood as well.

Jack just hoped Will would be lucid enough when he did wake up to give him some answers.

Baltimore, Maryland

A ring pierced the calm and quiet of a dark dragon's home, causing the inhabitant to scowl a bit. The dragon sat in his humanoid form at his dining table, in the process of finishing his meal. He idly sipped his expensive red wine before reaching for the phone. There were very few people blessed with the knowledge of his private cell phone number, and fewer still that dared to use it outside of office hours.

Alana Bloom. Interesting. What could she want at this late hour?

"Hello, Alana," Hannibal greeted softly into his phone. "To what do I owe the pleasure of your call at this late hour?"

Hannibal listened for a long moment, food and drink forgotten for now. His dark eyes narrowed and flared maroon before he slowly licked a fang in interest. "Of course, I will be there straight away. You say he is unbonded at this time?"

The Alpha listened further and slowly smirked. How curious. After hanging up, Hannibal looked down at his discarded meal and huffed a somber sigh before finishing his wine. Such a shame to waste food. He supposed he could always give it to Matthew. The Werewolf Beta client was always looking for handouts.

With that in mind, the dragon rose from his seat with the grace of a well bred dancer, and set about to put the leftovers away. Once done, he donned his coat, and gloves, and left to head to the hospital.

Near Wolf Trap, Virginia

Hannibal met with Alana in the waiting room of the hospital, noting that there was another Alpha in the room, who was introduced to him as Jack Crawford, apparently Will Graham's boss. *Sort of*.

Alana full on glowered at the other Alpha. Hannibal didn't have to scent her to know that the Beta was oozing anger and frustration. He must have stumbled into a war of the minds between the two. How *tedious*.

"Thank you for coming, Dr. Lecter," Jack said after shaking the dragon's hand, noting the firm grip of the other Alpha. "Alana has told me a lot about you. You apparently aren't just a Psychiatrist but also a practicing mentor to younger dragons."

"That I am," Hannibal said with a small smirk. "Newly turned dragons are my area of expertise. Born dragons have their relatives to teach them or others that will adopt them. There are no orphans amongst dragons. Only the turned ones have difficulty in being looked after and cared for."

"I wonder why that is," Jack mused.

"In my experience, dragons that turn humans into dragons often fear their creations and therefore abandon them to their fates. Turned dragons have been shunned in history and legend as pariahs and kin that bend and break the rules. But, regardless of all that, I believe that every dragon should have a chance to succeed where others have not," Hanmibal explained.

"Well, I'm glad you are here. Hopefully, you'll be able to help Will. But, just to warn you, he's a bit agitated right now," Jack said.

Alana hissed, "That's because as soon as he woke up you broke into his room without a care for his mental state asking him pointed questions about the attack!"

Jack shrugged. "I need answers. So, sue me."

"I told you to not let him get too close. And look what happened," Alana bit out before the Beta remembered where she was and looked at Hannibal apologetically.

Hannibal said nothing, but his lips turned up showing his humor at the spectacle, making Alana blush. Delicately, Hannibal changed the subject and opted to make small talk, asking after Alana's mate and child.

Soon after, a doctor joined them, clipboard in hand. Looking up from her board, Dr. Livingston spotted Hannibal and offered him a small, genuine smile. "Ah, Dr. Lecter, glad to see you again. When Dr. Bloom said you were coming down, I was happy to hear it. I'm sure that Mr. Graham would appreciate someone as understanding as you in his presence, unlike *some*." The doctor, to her credit, refrained from openly glowering at Jack.

The Omega Elf was as sarcastic and deadpan as Hannibal remembered her. And for that, Hannibal offered the good doctor a small, pleased nod. "We shall see. I am most intrigued to make young Will's acquaintance." He then added, "Is there anything I should know before I go in to meet him? You have him in the underground ward, correct?"

"Best place for him, now that he's awake," Dr. Livingston said before she went through her notes on her clipboard. "He has high anxiety so we've given him a mild sedative for that, though it did little good considering what he's been through."

"Of course. It's not every day a person changes their species," Hannibal said.

"Otherwise his blood looks good, though he is a bit underfed. Physically, I'd say he is a mostly healthy Omega Winter dragon. Mentally, he's had a history of some bouts of depression, insomnia, PTSD - which still looks to be the case from our observations of him in the past ten or so hours since he first became conscious. Basically the poor guy was a wreck before he turned and still is one, I'm afraid. It's a wonder he survived the change at all," the doctor explained.

Hannibal's eyes flared in interest. "In order to survive such a change, he must have great strength despite his ailments. Perhaps the ailments made him stronger?"

"Perhaps. You are the Psychologist and certified mentor of turned dragons. I trust you will know what is best for his mental health once you have your assessment," Dr. Livingston allowed. Then she narrowed her eyes at Jack and stated firmly, "I will allow Dr. Lecter to go in and see if he can calm Mr. Graham and possibly forge a mentor bond with him. However, in the best interest of my patient I will not allow you or anyone else visit him until he has rested and has been assessed by Dr. Lecter. Only then will I allow anyone to visit and ONLY if he wishes. Violators will be escorted out and banned from the premises until further notice."

Jack made to argue, but the Doctor gave him a look that would make most Alphas quake in their pants. This Elf was not to be trifled with and Jack was made uncomfortably aware that he was a simple Alpha human. And this was her domain. He backed down, though very reluctantly.

Alana shot the doctor a look of understanding and thankfulness before she went to get some coffee. Jack, watched as Hannibal followed the doctor down the hall and gave in to a deep, resigned sigh.

After the disastrous confrontation with Jack - which had gone about as well as a moose charging an old Chevi Nova, Will had been escorted to a concrete room below the hospital. There, he had been given a mild sedative which wore off in less than an hour, and was basically left to his own devices. At least they had allowed him free access to the bathroom that was off to one side of the locked room. And they had given him something to wear - a set of blue scrubs even if they smelled sterile like the sharp smells of the hospital itself.

Will took a much needed piss, washed his hands, and studied his reflection in the mirror. His day old beard was still there, but it hadn't much grown other than that. He was pale, but not as sallow as usual. The bags under his eyes were pretty much the same, but his eyes were

different. The color was the same, a hazel type of blue. But in the place of normal, round looking pupils, they were slitted like a reptile's or perhaps a cat's.

He had the same mop of curls on his head, if they looked a bit softer; his ears looked normal, as did the shape of his face. But, then he caught sight of some iridescent white scales peaking out of his hair right behind his ears. Craning his head around to look a bit more, he noted that indeed, he had scales now from the nape of his neck all the way down his spine. Being naturally curious, the Omega reached back and touched a few of the scales.

Letting out a low hiss at the sensitivity of those scales, Will quickly snatched his hand away. Turning back to survey any other difference in his physical appearance, he noted nothing else stood out. Of course, that changed when he started brushing his teeth. Apparently he had a nice set of fangs.

Omega humans usually had small fangs that they used in bonding with a mate or for tearing their food. He guessed with dragons, fangs were longer.

After washing his face, patting his skin dry with a soft Omega towel, Will surveyed himself again before letting out an irritable huff and threw the towel at his reflection moodily. Curling up on the bed near the only small window in the room, Will tried to relax.

He wasn't sure how long they'd want to keep him here at the hospital. Regardless, he missed his dogs. He wanted to go home.

His stomach rumbled in the quiet of the room and he let out a soft despairing huff.

Even hospital food sounded good right about now.

After what seemed like days, but was only a few hours, the door was knocked on. Will arched a brow, it's not like he was able to just walk out of here. But, he went ahead and said, "Come in," figuring it was a doctor. He doubted Jack would be visiting any time soon due to the confrontation earlier.

Turns out he was mostly right. The doctor, a Dr. Livingston, if he remembered correctly, came in with a tall, old worldly attractive male behind her. Breathing in the scent of the newcomer with interest, his heart nearly stopped and suddenly sped up like wild.

The newcomer was not just an Alpha, but a dragon as well.

Feeling a whine get caught in his throat, Will stared at the Alpha for the longest time before he ripped his eyes away, not wanting to get caught in those dark maroon eyes. Those eyes were piercing and it felt like they could see into his soul. With a shiver, Will tried looking everywhere but the Alpha, even tried to look at the Omega doctor.

Briefly he heard the doctor introduce the dragon as Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

But, then the Alpha spoke softly, "Hello Will."

And then it was all over for him.

Because those words, though few, tugged something deep inside of him, making him want to submit, turn over and stick his ass in the air. He felt slick start pooling at his needy little hole and he let out a strangled whimper, suddenly painfully aroused. That voice was a song of nightmares and lust, of velvet and ash. A seductive caress of passion and pain.

And he was powerless to resist it.

Will wasn't sure what frightened him more… that or the fact that he wasn't so sure he wanted to.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Originally was going to post this a bit later when I had more of a word count, but I found out that today is #TWoTLDay (The Wrath of the Lamb) and figured y'all deserve a present. Thank you guys so much for the kudos and comments. Please keep them coming, and I will keep writing. Inspire the muse of groffers please. XD
>
> So here is a short lil' chap for you guys. Next one will be longer, I promise.

2.

Dr. Livingston, taking in Will's uncomfortable and distressed scent, asked gently, "Would you prefer me to wait outside while you two talk or do you want me to stay, Mr. Graham?"

Will swallowed thickly and looked down at his knees. Somehow without him knowing, he had brought his knees up to his chin on the bed and was now clutching them like a lifeline. It was a classic submissive defensive pose, and he forced himself to take a few deep breaths through his mouth before saying anything.

Both doctors were patient, and he was grateful for that, even if he still felt like he was trapped and cornered like a rabid prey animal. Finally pulling himself mostly together, he said shakily, "I'm fine, Dr. Livingston. You can leave if you want." He *wasn't*.

It seemed that the Omega Doctor saw through his bravado, but let it go. She advised, "Very well. If you feel too overwhelmed at any time, you can touch the red button located on the right side of your bed. A nurse or myself will come to assist you."

"Thank you," Will managed to say and watched the doctor leave. The door was left open a little bit and the Omega appreciated that. Even if the Alpha dragon was between him and the door, letting Will know that he had absolutely no way of escaping, it still offered as a small comfort.

He was here to get help, not be caged, even if it felt like it now.

Hannibal studied the young dragon with keen interest before he sat down several feet away from Will's bed. It gave the Omega a sense of understanding that the Alpha had no intention of harming him, and Will had to give the guy brownie points for that. But, if only he could tell his mind and overreacting senses that.

Folding his legs in front of him, Hannibal put his hands in his lap and waited. He was a patient dragon, unlike many human Alphas. Still being considered a dragon aged in his prime, he had all the time in the world to wait for Will to get used to his presence. Omega dragons tended to react strongly to Alpha dragons, but stronger still if said Alpha was an opposite of their prime elemental magic. Will was a winter dragon, and therefore would manifest abilities associated with that season. It would be interesting to see if the Omega developed an affinity for snow and ice. Or perhaps something darker and more chilling.

Hannibal, on the other hand, was Will's opposite in several ways.

It was a wonder that Will was coherent at all in his presence. As for Hannibal, well the Alpha always prided himself over having immense control over his senses and biology. So, he kept his sense of smell down to a minimum for now.

After a half an hour of not saying anything, but both watching eachother - covertly in Will's case, the Omega finally asked, "What… what kind of dragon are you? You smell…."

"Smell like what?" Hannibal asked softly, smirking when Will all but rolled his eyes at him adorably for not answering his question.

Normally such an act would be deemed as a killing offence and rude, but for some reason, Hannibal found it charmingly endearing coming from the grumpy Omega. It was probably due to Will being refreshingly new. Finally allowing himself to expand his senses, curiosity finally overrunning his good judgement, Hannibal took in a deep breath, scenting the young dragon. Hannibal tasted the delicious mix of pheromones in the air on his tongue and fought hard against a sudden need and desire to go claim the young dragon as his own.

It was then that Hannibal discovered something both alarming, and yet wondrous.

Apparently, he'd unwittingly found his *One*.

Originally, Hannibal had simply been curious about a new dragon to mentor for dark purposes. Purely something to entertain himself with to pass the time. But, now…. Everything had changed.

The Alpha must have been broadcasting his hormones and pheromones on an unrestrained scale during his revelation, for Will had suddenly whined, and was now nearly hyperventilating on his bed, sweat soaking his shirt. And then Hannibal took in the smell of the tantalizing musk of Will's arousal. Stifling a low answering rumble, Hannibal fought for control. He was not some casual human Alpha who thought of nothing but their own wants and desires. He may be an animal, but he did not fall into rut just because an Omega smelled good. And now it was even more important to get back his control, for now his One was right in front of him.

Hannibal didn't want to scare him.

"Stop! Please, stop!" Will gritted out between clenched teeth.

Hannibal's eyes flared maroon and he fought harder to reign in his emotions. Finally, with a clench of his teeth, he managed to get his rigid control back. It was like a huge door had shut over the overwhelming scents and Will let out a deep breath in relief.

"My apologies, Will," Hannibal said soothingly after a few long moments. "That was rude of me. I have an overzealous sense of smell and you do smell rather delectable."

Will swallowed and nodded. "Ok…. Sure." Then he offered, "You don't smell half-bad yourself. Like campfires and the smell of rain before the storm hits."

Hannibal allowed himself to smile slightly at that one, feeling much calmer now. Then he decided to award the Omega with an answer of his own. "That is because I am what's called a Demon dragon. I have the ability to summon fire from the pits of Hell and swallow souls of the damned. Or so the legend goes."

Will arched a brow incredulously before he threw back his head and started chuckling sardonically. It figures that his damned biology would be attracted to a monster - even if it was just legend. But, it takes one to know one, as they say.

"Why did they bring you here?" Will asked softly. "Are you some sort of dragon guru?"

"Perhaps in theory," Hannibal stated dryly before he admitted, "In truth, I am a Psychologist as well as a mentor of newly turned dragons. Dr. Alana Bloom called me in when I presume things didn't go so well with your interactions with Jack Crawford."

"You know Alana?" At Hannibal's small nod, Will sighed deeply. Then he wryly chuckled, not being able to help himself. "No, things didn't go so well with Jack. Then again… they hardly ever do. Less than a full day of being scorched alive and forced into becoming a dragon, and he is still thinking he is King of the Manor."

"Would you prefer Uncle Jack treat you like a fragile, tiny teacup? The finest china, used only for special guests?" The Alpha asked, amused and intrigued. "One to be protected at all costs?"

Will licked his lips and found himself relaxing, stretching out one leg and letting out another deep sigh. "No. But, it would be nice not to be hounded so much." He then took his time to look over the Alpha. Despite the distance and the slightly dim lighting of the room, he could still see every detail about him. Strong, but nobly handsome features, high cheekbones, silver touched brown blonde hair. If hazel was a color to describe hair color, then it would fit.

Dressed in a strangely complimenting three piece plaid navy suit, dress shoes immaculate and barely scuffed. Altogether the Alpha looked like the epitome of aristocratic nobility. A cat that was discussing the weather with a mouse. Like a lion deciding whether or not the lamb was prey or friend.

Oh yes, Will was definitely in trouble.

"Men like Jack tend to be used to getting their way all the time, and also have the patience capacity of a fruit fly." At Will's soft laugh, Hannibal questioned, "See, I am perhaps not so

terrible, am I? I can make you laugh. There is hope."

"No, I guess not. Then again, you are a Demon dragon, so yeah maybe you are worse. I'd offer up my soul, but it probably already got swallowed by the dragon that barbecued my ass," Will said morbidly. Hannibal didn't seem to mind, in fact, he seemed pleased.

"Mmmm, I don't see a hollow pit where your soul should be, Will. In fact, I see that it is vibrant and glorious," Hannibal murmured. Then he smirked wryly, saying in a soft purr, "Better leave it as it is to thrive and become what it should be than try to snuff it out."

"Are you flirting with me, Dr. Lecter?" Will asked, flushing slightly in mirth.

"Perhaps. But, flirting usually is to amuse. You will find, should you decide to get to know me better, that I am quite serious when I give compliments. For rarely are they given," Hannibal advised.

"And here I thought you were using a bizarre technique to get me to open up about what happened…." Will rubbed a hand through his hair and let out a tired huff.

"That remains up to you, Will, and please, call me Hannibal," The Alpha asserted. "All of this - me being here longer, you getting out of here sooner, you learning about yourself and your new powers… that is all in your hands. If you wish to speak about what happened, then I will listen. And if you do not, then I will not pressure you unless I feel you are ready to confront it."

"So are you going to try and psychoanalyze me? You won't like me when I'm psychoanalyzed," Will said bitterly.

Hannibal stood and lifted his chair as if it weighed nothing and came closer with it. Once he got to the foot of Will's bed, he put the chair down and he sat. Will briefly thought, *Show off*. He had to admit, the guy made effortless lifting hot. Swallowing thickly, Will tried not to breathe in the scent of the Alpha. It was so much more potent close up, even if the guy was diluting it as much as he could.

The Alpha finally murmured, "Forgive me Will. I can't shut off my gifts entirely, just like you can't shut yours off for empathy."

Narrowing his eyes, Will asked, "Was Jack the one that told you?"

"No, Dr. Bloom did," Hannibal answered. Then he added, "Will, I am not your enemy here. Not only am I here to assess you, but to offer my services as a dragon mentor. There are… so many things I could teach you. Wouldn't you like to feel in control of yourself and not afraid of the monster inside?"

Will finally looked into Hannibal's eyes, seeing the danger in them and the seductive power, and let out a shaky breath.

"Why me?" Will asked, truly puzzled. He understood why Hannibal had been called in. He just didn't understand why someone of Hannibal's caliber would even want to try to mentor

him. It made no sense to him.

Hannibal let out a soft sigh and admitted, “Professionally, it’s because I always try to help turned dragons since they have no one else to trust, no one else to help guide them.” He then offered his hand for a shake. “Personally, it’s because you interest me Will. I see the potential in you. And I am anxious to see you stretch your magnificent wings and conquer the skies and beyond.”

Feeling no more hesitation, the young dragon whispered, “Ok.”

“All you need to do is ask it of me. And I will assist,” Hannibal murmured, still holding his hand out.

When Will reached out and took hold of the older dragon’s hand, he felt like he was 1) signing his life away to the Devil, and 2) in for a most exciting and horrifyingly exquisite future.

Will let out a keen as his hand started tingling on his palm, and suddenly he was yanked bodily out of his bed and into the arms of the Alpha. It went by so quick, he let out a muffled squeak as his face was forcibly placed at the Alpha’s neck. Before he could protest, the older dragon rumbled deeply, and soothingly, and the Omega immediately went limp as a wet noodle.

Apparently the Alpha wanted a cuddle.

Bizarre, but Will could handle that, even if he wasn’t one to like being touched. Something about Hannibal’s calming presence though made him feel relaxed and safe. Chalking it up to pheromones and having the wildest past 20 hours or so, the Omega absently buried his nose into the Alpha’s neck. Damn, he smelled so good.

Hannibal started slowly rubbing Will’s back, trying to ignore the fact that the Omega was essentially straddling his thighs and starting to leak slick. Letting out another soothing rumble, the Alpha started nosing against Will’s ear and below to the sensitive scales covering his scent glands. Will let out a moan, not being able to help it and Hannibal lightly licked and nipped the sensitive area before pulling away reluctantly.

If they weren’t in a hospital, and he already had Will’s trust and consent, then Hannibal would have claimed him right then and there. As it was, the young dragon still had much to learn.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!